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BYRON

POEMS ON HIS DOMESTIC
CIRCUMSTANCES





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LOS ANGELES

POEMS

ON HIS

DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES,

&c. &c.

BY LORD BYRON.

WITH HIS

Memoirs and Portrait.

TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

CONTAINING

NINE POEMS.

FARE THEE WELL!

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE,

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR,"

ADIEU TO MALTA,

THE

CURSE OF MINERVA,

WATERLOO,

AND THREE OTHERS.

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MEMOIRS

OF

Lord Byron.

THE Nobleman who at present bears the honours and the name of BYRON, requires not the equivocal aid of ancestry to distinguish him from the common tribe, either of patricians or of plebeians. Genius is a brilliant jewel even in a coronet; and though much depends upon the setting, it generally enables its possessor to soar—

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,

Beneath the *good* how far—yet far above the *great*!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, is the lineal descendant of a family which was of consequence even at the æra of the Conquest, being recorded in Domesday Book as considerable landholders in Lancashire. The subsequent career of the Byrons, during the three or four succeeding centuries, was distinguished in almost the only line of distinction which belonged to the baronial rank before the accession of the house of Tudor. Two of them fell at the battle of Cressy, one of them signalised himself in the field of Bosworth, in favour of Henry VII. and several shed their blood in the armies of Charles I. who called Sir John Byron to the peerage in the year 1643.

On the maternal side the ancestry of Lord Byron is equally illustrious: his mother, from whom he takes his second name of Gordon, having been the last of a branch of that family which descended from the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, who married an Earl of Huntley. A great variety of contingencies opened the way to Lord Byron's early accession to the title. William, the fourth

Lord Byron, who died in 1738, left five sons, of whom the eldest, the late peer, William, the fifth Lord Byron, owing to an unfortunate event, withdrew from Court and Parliament, and lived in such strict retirement for many years before his death, that the titles were scarcely ever heard of out of the family circle. This nobleman had an only son, William, who went into the army, and was killed in Corsica, long before the death of his father, by which means the present Lord, the infant grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, eldest brother to the existing peer, became presumptive heir to the title, to which he succeeded on the death of his great uncle, May 19, 1798. His Lordship's father was twice married, first to Baroness Conyers, the daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had a daughter; and secondly, to the lady already mentioned, Miss Gordon, of Gight, who bore him the present Lord, born 22d January, 1788, so that his Lordship is at present only in his twenty-ninth year.

If the general voice of rumour may be depended upon, Lord Byron began very early to discover traits of a marked and original character. Some of his early years were spent in Scotland; but he received the chief part of his education at Harrow, from which distinguished school he removed to the University of Cambridge; and much is said at both places of his genius and eccentricity. He early began to court the deathless Muse; for it was soon after his quitting school, that he published his "Hours of Idleness," which being treated with a very disproportionate degree of severity by the critics of the *Edinburgh Review*, the youthful poet retorted in a Satire of great spirit and severity, called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which is believed to have had the extraordinary effect of increasing the mutual esteem of the belligerent parties: the Reviewers have certainly attended to the subsequent productions of his Lordship with great respect; and he, on his part, has done all in his power to recall his satires—preventing a fifth

edition from being published, even after it was printed. His Lordship's succeeding intimacy with Mr. Moore, whom he had alluded to rather contemptuously in the mention of his affair with Mr. Jeffery, may very honourably account for this solicitude in part; and the general accordance of his line of literary and political feeling with that of the celebrated Journal in question, will readily answer for the rest. In truth, in the end, his Lordship himself became a conspicuous member of the brilliant coterie at Holland House, which he had been provoked to deride.

On his coming of age in 1809, Lord Byron, after taking his seat in the House of Peers, went abroad, and spent some time in the South and East of Enrope, particularly in Greece and its islands. In the year 1811, he returned to England, and in the Spring of 1812, published his celebrated "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*,"—a poem which at once established his fame as a poet, and ensured the greedy attention of the public to every subsequent production by the same hand. In the course of 1813, Lord Byron published three other poems:—"The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair;" and since that time, "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and, "Parisina." Of the character of these celebrated poems, the Critical Review for February 1814, may be consulted with advantage:—it will apply more or less to them all.

In January, 1815, Lord Byron led to the altar the accomplished Miss Milbanke, only child of Sir Ralph Milbanke, (since Noel) by whom he has one daughter. This union, so suitable in rank, fortune, and the superior mental endowments of the respective parties, has been unfortunately severed by the acknowledged indiscretion of his Lordship. Of the exact tenor of that indiscretion, very little is correctly known, more than what the beautiful "*Fare Thee Well!*" insinuates, though all manner of vague and extraor-

dinary reports have been circulated. The manner in which that tender expostulation, and the severe "Sketch From Private Life," have been received by certain Journalists, may reasonably excite surprise; as every thing has been taken for granted against his Lordship in the strongest possible sense, and that in a tone approaching to malignity. To speak of the "Fare Thee Well!" as an insult to Lady Byron, is singular enough, as it is a string of emphatic compliment from beginning to end; the simple fact of unforgiveness only being stated, without even being accompanied by the assertion of deserving it. It is the humble plea of acknowledged error which ventures to suggest the beauty of mercy. The "Sketch" is another affair, and so entirely depends upon the facts which gave rise to it, that it will be impossible to judge of any thing, except its talent, until they are made known. To suppose that Lord Byron did not imagine himself injured, would be to infer his insanity; and who, possessed of his powers of satire, under the impression of an insidious influence exerted against domestic peace, would not be tempted to exercise them as he has done? On the other hand, it is but justice to the individual attacked to admit, that the agonised mind of a deeply wounded husband might not be sufficiently cool for nice discrimination; and that a strong satiric talent, exerted in a moment of real or imagined provocation, is always to be understood with some grains of allowance. That Lord Byron was originally to blame, the public knows, for he has admitted it; but that he has any way aggravated his primary fault, by *writing* his subsequent address to Lady Byron, may be reasonably denied. As to the satire, with a total absence of evidence, it is as difficult to determine upon its justice as easy to decide upon its ability. Thus much, however, is certain; a formal separation has taken place, and his Lordship has quitted England for the present; some of the Journalists say, *for ever*.

POEMS.

FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well ! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :
Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then, thou would'st at last discover
"Twas not well to spurn it so—

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—
Though my many faults defaced me ;
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound ?
Yet—oh, yet—thysself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away ;
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.—
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead :
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.—
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say,—“ Father ! ”
Though his care she must forego ?
When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.—
All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know ;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Wither—yet with *thee* they go—
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.—
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.—
Fare thee well !—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.—

March 30, 1816.

A

SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

“Honest—Honest Iago!

“If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”

SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Rais'd from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy— 10
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secur'd the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear. 20

Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not blind,

Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
 Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now. 30
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all could be like her below :
 Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme :—now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song—
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she served before. 40
 If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
 If daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;
 If early habits—those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
 Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will ;
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find ;— 50
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?

May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create : 90
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with
prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear— 100
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

ON THE STAR
OF
“ THE LEGION OF HONOUR.”

1.

STAR of the brave !—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o’er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit !
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth !
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays ;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze ;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honour here ;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood ;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou did’st lighten through all space ;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light :
The three so mingled did besecm
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail !
But, Oh, thou Rainbow of the free !
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, Oh Goddess ! may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

* The tri-colour.

ODE.

OH, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led ?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast ;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust ?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust !

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul :
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there ;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare ;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a bye-word, for falsehood and crime !

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
And welcom'd the torrent of blood ;
Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
And wither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
Till Fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
Thou turn'd'st to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause ;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded the beam ;
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream :—
To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restor'd ;
And the first that had scoû'd, were the first that
ador'd !

What tumult thus burthens the air,
What throng that encircles his throne?
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts
are on fire,
For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire.

Their hero has rushed to the field;
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade!
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave!

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow!
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
 Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be !
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die ;
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
 And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

WATERLOO.

~~~~~

The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the famous Battle of Waterloo as well as ourselves.—Nay, they seem to glory in the battle, as the source of great events to come. We have received the following poetical version of a Poem, the original of which is circulating in Paris—and which is ascribed, we know not with what justice, to the muse of M. De Chateaubriand. If so, it may be inferred that, in the Poet's eye, a new change is at hand—and he wishes to prove his secret indulgence of old principles, by reference to this effusion.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

## FRENCH ODE.

SAID TO BE DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY R. S\*\*\*\*\*, P. L.,  
 MASTER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH INQN. &C. &C. &C.

---

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo !  
 Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;  
 There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
 Rising from each gory trunk---  
 Like the water-spout from ocean,  
 With a strong and growing motion---

It soars, and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost LABEDOYERE—  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the “ bravest of the brave ;”  
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return to whence it rose ;  
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder---  
Never yet was heard such thunder  
As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
Never yet was seen such lightning  
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo !  
When the soldier-citizen,  
Swayed not o'er his fellow men---  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son---  
Who of all the despots banded,  
With that youthful chief competed ?  
Who could boast o'er France defeated  
Till lone tyranny commanded ?  
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
The Hero sunk into the King ?  
Then he fell---so perish all,  
Who would men by man enthrall !  
And thou too of the snow-white plume !  
Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb ; \*  
Better had'st thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,

\* Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name ;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.——  
Little did'st thou deem when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks,  
Like a stream which bursts its banks,  
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,  
Shone and shivered fast around thee---  
Of the fate at last which found thee !  
Was that haughty plume laid low  
By a slave's dishonest blow ?  
Once it onward bore the brave,  
Like foam upon the highest wave,---  
There, where death's brief pang was *quickest*,  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Strewed beneath the advancing banner  
Of the Eagle's burning crest---  
(There with thunder clouds to fan her,  
*Who* could then her wing arrest---  
Victory beaming from her breast ?)  
While the broken line enlarging  
Fell or fled along the plain ;  
There, be sure, was *MURAT* charging!  
There he ne'er shall charge again !  
O'er glories gone, the invaders march,  
Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch---  
But let Freedom rejoice,  
With her heart in her voice ;  
But her hand on her sword,  
Doubly shall she be adored.  
France hath twice too well been taught  
The "moral lesson" dearly bought---

Her safety sits not on a throne,  
With CAPET or NAPOLEON ;  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause---  
Freedom, such as God hath given  
Unto all beneath his heaven,  
With their breath, and from their birth,  
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth,  
With a fierce and lavish hand,  
Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;  
Pouring nations' blood like water,  
In imperial seas of slaughter !  
But the heart, and the mind,  
And the voice of mankind  
Shall arise in communion---  
And who shall resist that proud union ?  
The time is past when swords subdued---  
Man may die---the soul's renewed :  
Even in this low world of care,  
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir,  
Millions breathe, but to inherit  
Her unconquerable spirit---  
When once more her hosts assemble  
Let the tyrants only tremble ;---  
Smile they at this idle threat ?  
Crimson tears will follow yet.



## MADAME LAVALETTE.

---

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises  
Their Madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE;  
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,  
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :  
But cheering the beam, and unfading the splendour  
Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never has yet  
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,  
Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine-cup, c'en Virtue shall bless it,  
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;  
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,  
And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame :  
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too  
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt;  
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,  
The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,  
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,  
And turns from the Slaves of the Priest-haunted palace,  
While those who replaced them there, blush for their  
cause :  
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory  
Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,  
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story  
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

## FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

---

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my glory  
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name ;—  
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.  
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only  
When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far,—  
I have coped with the Nations which dread me thus lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war !

Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.  
Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won,—  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,  
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's Sun !

Farewell to thee, France—but when Liberty rallies  
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—  
The Violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,  
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—  
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—  
There are links which must break in the chain that has  
bound us,  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

## ADIEU TO MALTA.

---

ADIEU the joys of La Valette;  
Adieu sirocco, sun, and sweat;  
Adieu thou palace, rarely entered;  
Adieu ye mansions, where I've ventured;  
Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs—  
How surely he who mounts them swears;  
Adieu ye merchants, often failing;  
Adieu thou mob, for ever railing;  
Adieu ye packets without letters;  
Adieu ye fools, who ape your betters;  
Adieu thou damn'dest quarantine,  
That gave me fever and the spleen;  
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, sirs;  
Adieu His Excellency's dancers;  
Adieu to PETER, whom no fault's in,  
But could not teach a Colonel waltzing;  
Adieu ye females, fraught with graces;  
Adieu red coats, and redder faces;  
Adieu the supercilious air,  
Of all that strut *en militaire*;  
I go—but God knows where or why—  
To smoky towns and cloudy sky;  
To things, the honest truth to say,  
As bad, but in a different way :—  
Farewell to these, but not adieu  
Triumphant sons of truest blue,

While either Adriatic shore,  
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,  
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,  
Proclaim you war and women's winners.

Pardon my muse, who apt to prate is,  
And take my rhyme because 'tis gratis :  
And now I've got to Mrs. FRASER,  
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her ;  
And were I vain enough to think  
My praise was worth this drop of ink,  
A line or two were no hard matter,  
As here, indeed, I need not flatter :  
But she must be content to shine  
In better praises than in mine :  
With lively air and open heart,  
And fashion's ease without its art,  
Her hours can gaily glide along,  
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, Oh, Malta ! since thou'st got us,  
Thou little military hot-house !  
I'll not offend with words uncivil,  
And wish thee rudely at the devil—  
But only stare from out my casement,  
And ask—for what is such a place meant ;  
Then, in my solitary nook,  
Return to scribbling, or a book ;  
Or take my physic, while I'm able,  
Two spoonfuls, hourly, by this label ;  
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,  
And bless my stars, I've got a fever.

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

---

SLOW sinks now lovely ere his race be run  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;  
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light ;  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows ;  
On old Ægea's rock and Hydra's isle,  
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile.

Long had I mused and measured every trace  
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
When lo ! a giant-form before me strode,  
And PALLAS hail'd me in her own abode.  
Yes—'twas MINERVA's self—but ah ! how changed  
Since o'er the Dardan fields in arms she ranged !  
Not such as erst by her divine command,  
Her form appear'd from PHIDIAS' plastic hand.  
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now ;  
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance  
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance :  
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,  
Shrunk from her hand and withered in her grasp.  
And ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,  
Celestial tears bedew'd her large blue eye ;  
Round her rent casque her owlet circled low,  
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Mortal!” (’twas thus she spoke) “that blush of  
shame

Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—  
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
Now honour’d less by all, but least by me;  
Chief of thy foes shall PALLAS still be found:  
Seek’st thou the cause? oh, Mortal! look around.  
Lo! here, in spite of war and wasting fire,  
I saw successive tyrannies expire;  
’Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,  
Thy Country sends a spoiler worse than both.  
Survey this vacant violated fane,  
Recount the relics torn that yet remain;—  
These CECROPS placed—this PERICLES adorn’d—  
That HADRIAN rear’d when drooping Science  
mourn’d;  
What more I owe let gratitude attest,  
Know, ALARIC and \* \* \* \* did the rest.—  
That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,  
Th’ insulted wall sustains his hated name\*.

\* It is related by a late oriental traveller that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples: this inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person (doubtless inspired by the patron-goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the *laird*, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

For \* \* \* \* \*’s fame thus grateful PALLAS pleads ;  
 Below, his name ; above, behold his deeds.  
 Be ever hail’d with equal honour here,  
 The Gothic monarch, and the British \* \* \* \* \*.  
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,  
 But basely stole what less Barbarians won :  
 So, when the lion quits the fell repast,  
 Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last ;  
 Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own,  
 The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.  
 Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are crost :  
 See here, what \* \* \* \* \* won, and what he lost.  
 Another name with his pollutes my shrine ;  
 Behold, where DIAN’S beams disdain to shine :—  
 Some retribution still might PALLAS claim,  
 When VENUS half-aveng’d MINERVA’S shame\*.

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,  
 To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye :—  
 Daughter of JOVE ! in Britain’s injur’d name,  
 A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.  
 Frown not on England—England owns him not :—  
 Athena ? no—the plunderer was a Scot †.  
 Ask’st thou the difference ? From fair Phyle’s towers  
 Survey Bæotia :—Caledonia’s powers—

\* \* \* \* \*

And well I know within that murky land

\* The Portrait of Sir WM. D’AVENANT illustrates this line.

† The plaster wall on the west side of the Temple of MINERVA-POLIAS bears the following inscription, cut in very deep characters :—

“ *Quod non fecerunt Goti*

“ *Hæc fecerunt Scoti.*”—

HOBHOUSE’S Travels in Greece, &c. p. 345.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dispatch her reckoning children far and wide :  
Some east, some west, some—every where but north.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus accursed be the day and year  
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,  
And dull Bœotia gave a PINDAR birth.  
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,  
Shake off the mossy slime of such a land,  
And shine like children of a happier strand.

Mortal! (the blue-eyed maid resumed once more)  
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore;  
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,  
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.  
Hear, then, in silence, Pallas' stern behest,  
Hear and believe, for time will tell the rest :  
First on the head of him who did the deed  
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed;  
Without one spark of intellectual fire,  
Be all his sons as senseless as their sire :  
If one with wit the parent-breed disgrace,  
Believe him bastard of a better race ;  
Still with his hireling Artists let him prate,  
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate\*.  
Long of their patron's *gusto* let them tell,  
Whose noblest native *gusto*—is to sell :  
To sell, and make (may shame record the day)  
The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey!

\* Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.—(BOILEAU, LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, &c.)



\* \* \* \* \*

And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,  
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view \*

\* “Nor will this conduct [the sacrilegious plunder of ancient edifices] appear wonderful in men, either by birth, or by habits and grovelling passions, barbarians, (i. e. Goths) when in our own times, and almost before our own eyes, persons of rank and education have not hesitated to disfigure the most ancient and the most venerable monuments of Grecian architecture; to tear the works of Phidias and Praxiteles from their original position, and demolish fabrics, which time, war, and barbarism, had respected during twenty centuries. The French, whose rapacity the voice of Europe has so loudly and so justly censured, did not incur the guilt of dismantling ancient edifices: they spared the walls, and contented themselves with statues and paintings, and even these they have collected and arranged in halls and galleries, for the inspection of travellers of all nations; while, if report does not deceive us, our plunderers have ransacked the temples of Greece to sell their booty to the highest bidder, or, at best, to piece the walls of some obscure old mansion with fragments of Parian marble, and of attic sculpture.” (*Eustace’s Classical Tour through Italy*, p. 158). \* \* \* \* “But alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artist, the historian, the antiquary; all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques? the temples of THESEUS or MINERVA must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepid uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural;

In silent admiration, mix'd with grief,  
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.  
 Loathed in life, scarce pardoned in the dust,  
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust;  
 Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,  
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.  
 EROSTRATUS and \* \* \* \* e'er shall shine  
 In many a branding page and burning line.  
 Alike condemn'd, for aye to stand accursed,  
 Perchance the second viler than the first:  
 So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,  
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!

and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art, is to be expected; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented; but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations: it deprives the past, of the trophies of their genius and the title-deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation." (Ibid. p. 269). \* \* \* \* "This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord BRISTOL's patriotism, or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment." (Ibid. p. 419).

THE END.

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